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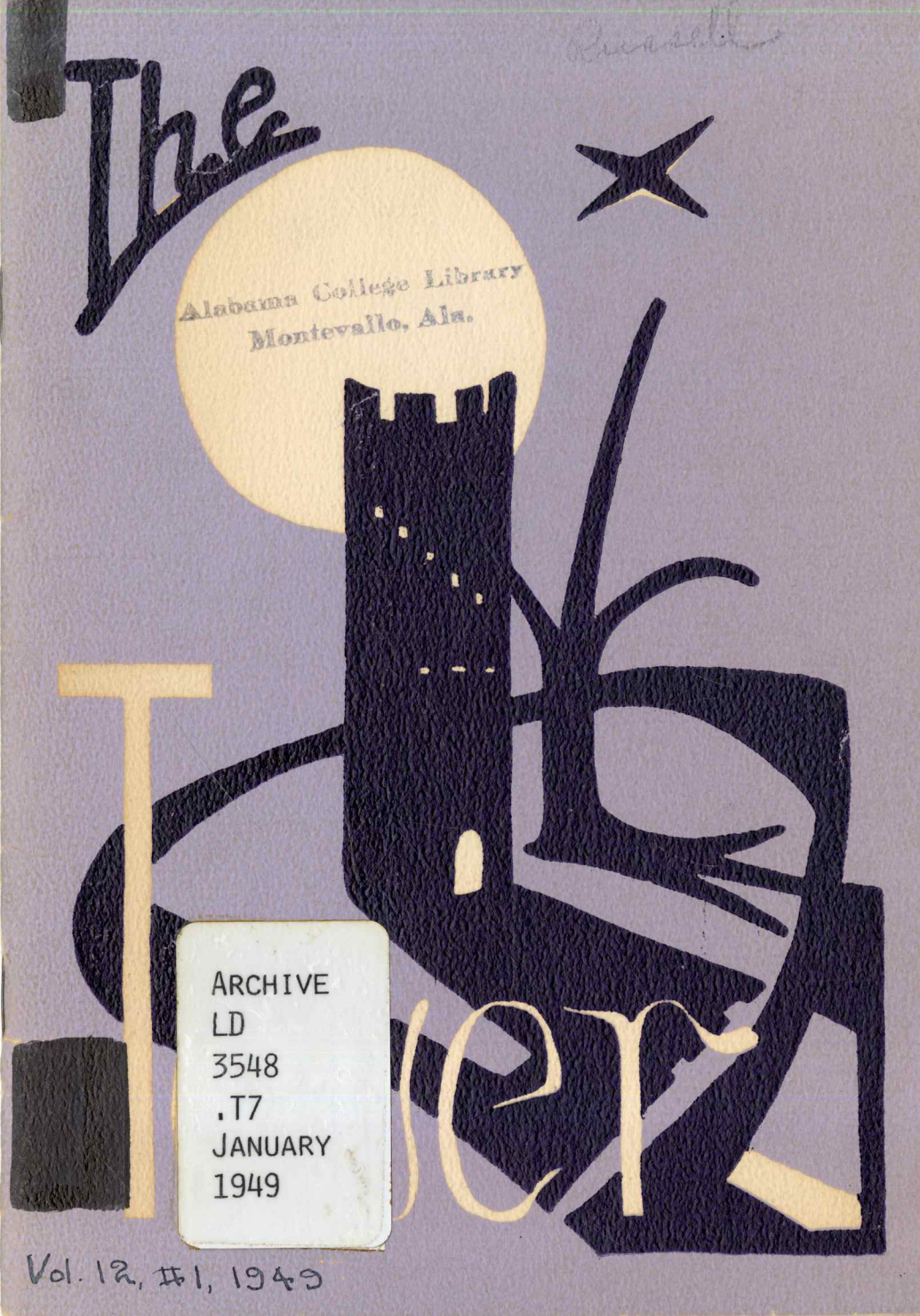

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IN MEMORY

of

DR. ARTHUR WINN VAUGHAN

friend, philosopher, scholar

MUSIC . . .

By
CAROLINE BLUTSTEIN

TAKE A BOY, any boy. Give him an okerina, a ten-cent harmonica, or even a comb and a piece of tissue paper, and you have a potential musician. No training is necessary because music and the making of it is one of man's innate capacities. Why confine it to man? Think of what a mere faun did with just a hollow reed.

Man took this gift and developed it. He invented nothing new, but enlarged upon something that was already there. He discovered rules to govern this instinct, art, science, or what have you. What was pleasing to him, he adopted; what was displeasing to him, he disregarded. Unlike the faun, man adhered to a strict pattern. The pattern grew. Pope Gregory, Scarlatti, Bach, Beethoven, and others added to it through the years. Styles changed, but the fundamental rules remained almost constant.

Then came Stravinsky, Schonberg and Cowell. All that was done came undone. We went back. Back to the boy with the comb and tissue paper, back to the unregulated one-stringed instruments of the Orient, back to the dissonant ram's horn of the Hebrews, back to the hollow reed. Music thrived on the defiance of all physical and artistic laws. "Modern" music was born.

The lines of a painting are judged by their ability to please regardless of the angle at which the painting is held. This is not so with music. A Beethoven sonata played upside down is no more impressive than a piece of embroidery viewed inside out with all the knots and stitches showing. Modern music sounds very much like standard music being played upside down, or better still, as though one line of the orchestration has been shifted to right or left, throwing the concordant vertical lines out of gear.

I used to believe as Seashore does, that music is so fine a thing that it possesses both spiritual and physical healing powers. But when

I hear such shocking theories as the degeneration of the chordal system, and the institution of tone clusters, I am compelled to agree with the much-disagreed-with George Bernard Shaw that music is the brandy of the damned.

Many musicians that we consider great today were the foolhardy radicals of their day; for instance, Beethoven and Debussy. But did any of them dare pit a C against a C-sharp, or any other such unheard of combination that pains the most insensitive ear? When I say pain, I mean it literally. It is not merely an aversion due to a preconditioning, but the defiant combination of vibration rates hitting against the delicate membrane of the ear.

When a man attempts to fly he is admired, but when he steps off into space and expects to remain stationary, he has stepped out of the bounds of reason. So it is when the artist comes in conflict with the scientist.

Let music move on to greater heights. Let it be the unguent rather than the repressor of the soul and the neutralizer rather than the narcotic of the mind. Perhaps the art can still be resurrected and music and return as a medium of expression rather than repression. I prefer to attach little importance to this trend and consider it merely a phase stimulated by the recent uncertainty which has pervaded modern thought, a natural outgrowth of a schezoid society. Surely we shall outgrow it. With this thought in mind, it is easier to withstand the weight of the growing pains.

OPPORTUNITY

Softly coming
Shyly staring
Slyly daring
Swiftly going

—*Ruby Stone*

THE JACK OF SPADES

The boy
Sits quiet and two-faced
Upon the card.
His yellow hair descends
In six straight strands
Backtracking
Around the ends.

A settled nose
Sets off a blue mustache
Lashing
Like a snake's tail
Upward.

The pensive eyes stare,
But never blink.
If only he'd lift a finger
To scratch the chin
Or comb the hair.

—*Evelyn Strock*

Return Engagement

By
JO FOSTER

WELL, HERE I AM. Yes, I certainly am here. No doubt about that. And on time too. Three-thirty Tuesday. Whatever possessed me to make an appoinment with this dentist? I could have just come in and pretended the office was full. But no, I had to make an appointment.

Waiting rooms never have comfortable chairs. And those magazines. *Wall Street Journal,* May, 1941. *Your Child,* June, 1944. *Scientific Monthly,* April, 1946. Wall Street, my child, science, nuts. Well, I can count the squares in the rug. I hope this is quick.

"Ready for you now, Miss Gilman."

Miss Gilman. That's me. Oh, please let me break my leg. Let's have an earthquake. Someone please come to my rescue. Here goes. Eight steps to the door, six more to the chair. That's where I'm going —straight to the chair. "When justice triumphed." I wish it had. Electrocution would be easier.

"Anything special bothering you, Miss Gilman?"

"You might just look at that left upper in the back, Dr. Perry."

Sounds as if I were talking to a porter. Upper nine. Ouch! Get that ice pick out of my face, you oaf. What do you think you are, an official prober? And just what are you doing in that tooth? I didn't tell you it hurt. I'll bet that's the tooth that has three fillings in it already. Maybe he'll pull it. Oh, no, he wouldn't dare. Why, I grew that tooth all by myself. I've had it ever since I was a little girl. I'm fond of that tooth. Hey, you, get your clammy hand out of there!

"My, it looks pretty bad, Miss Gilman. I'll have to freeze it."

"But you've never done that before. Will it hurt?"

"No, you won't feel a thing."

Good heavens, what is that sword he has in his hand . . . that

great-grandfather of all needles? Why, that didn't hurt at all. La la de dah. Now that's peculiar. What is this fuzz I keep feeling? Oh dear. And here he comes, around the turn, with the drill in the lead. I think I have just remembered a previous engagement . . . or maybe sixteen previous engagements. But it doesn't hurt! Imagine that! Bless you, Dr. Perry. This chair is comfortable. I could take a short nap if this mechanic would take all these tools out of my mouth. La la tra la tra la. I wonder if anyone ever told Dr. Perry he looks like a waiter in that little white jacket. Hey, Doc, what are you doing, drilling for oil? I've got things to do. Don't practice your designs on my bridgework.

"Open wider, please."

Why, Dr. Perry, I'll bet you say that to all the girls. Ah, he's quit.

Look at him mix that poisonous stuff, would you? Golly, I'll weigh three pounds more with all that silver in my mouth. I'll give you ten to five he never gets it all in my mouth. He certainly is making a good effort. Well, I'll be doggoned. He did it.

"Now, just rinse out the pieces, will you?"

Oh, so that's it. Rinse out the pieces. That's cheating, Doc. Guess I win that bet on a technicality.

"Well, Miss Gilman, that's all for today. Could you come back Thursday at the same time? We'll work on the other side then."

"Yes, sir. I'll be here."

Happy to do so if it won't hurt any more than it did today. So here I go back to civilization for a couple of days. I wonder if any of the gang are over at Skip's.

"Why . . . hello, Jim. It's good to see you. Coffee? I'd love it. Yes, I just came out of the dentist's office. Nah, didn't hurt at all. He froze it . . . a perfectly painless process . . . Oh. Oh dear. Jim, I wonder if you'd take me home instead. No, I don't have a date, it's just that I seem to have an ache in my jaw. I just can't understand it. It didn't hurt at all in the office. Oh me, oh my. That fickle, sneaking . . . Oh, I hate dentists.

TREES

Naked arms curved upward
Naked bodies tall
Flirting.
Soft caresses breathed by unseen admirer
Accepted.
Supple, seductive sway
Inviting love.

—*Betty Jenkins*

BUS AT NIGHT

Air saturated with smoke,
The odor of dirty bodies,
    Too closely packed
Cheap perfumes, wet babies, burning tires,
    And peppermints—
A sailor and his girl sleep in each other's arms;
The telegraph poles race past the windows,
And Orion winks knowingly.

—*Dorothy Deane Wesley*

THE STORM

Nothing stirs; the earth is still.
The trees stand motionless on the hill.
While in the sky dark clouds unfurl,
A deadly calm settles o'er the world.

Darker, darker; then the sun
Gives up its struggle; the clouds have won.
The cold winds rising in plaintive sigh,
Engulf the world in a lullaby.

Higher, higher—then when strong,
A thousand voices in mighty song;
The whispers change to piercing scream;
A dreadful monster in some weird dream.

Lightning flashes; all revealed.
The blinding darkness is now unsealed.
The dark clouds break, the rain pours down,
Rejoicing, laughing, in new lease found.

Distant rumbling—then a roar
To tear the earth to its very core;
The thunder growls with mighty force—
And lightning follows its crooked course.

Wind roars on, the world in awe,
All creatures bowed under its mighty law.
And then, to free the world it rent,
The tempest ceases, its fury spent.
Calm now comes, the madness done;
The clouds give way to the gentle sun.

—Martha Elton

A POEM IN PROSE

The washed-out faded blue
of a heavy morning,
A sedate, sticky breeze from the west;

Crammed against the dirty sky,
Autumn leaves
In incongrous brightness
And graceless black, bare branches;

Ominous black
Pouring from the maw
Of a giant smoke stack;

Neutral as skimmed milk
The water tower pushes
Into the rain-bearing heavens;

The promise of dullness.

—*Phyllis Girshon*

Two Paid Holidays

By
DOROTHY DEANE WESLEY

THE MACHINES ROARED. Cans of milk came down the conveyor belt, were lidded and went across another belt into the next room to the labeling machine. Cans. Always cans. More cans than one could count, moving—always moving with that same precision-like slowness. Rhythmically, maddeningly the lidder forced tops on the cans with a tum, tum, tum, tum, adding its din to the din of the other machines.

Ann stood beside the first lid machine in her trim white overalls and Mother Hubbard cap and nervously pulled one hand across her perspiring forehead. She blinked constantly to break the glassy stare that watching the shiny cans gave her eyes.

"Wonder what time it is," she said. She spoke aloud but no one heard. She didn't even hear herself. Thoughts spoken aloud—or at least they would have been aloud had it not been for the machines—could be organized more easily. And no one cared if you talked to yourself. Everyone did it, but never had time to look up from the machine and catch you at it.

"It must be almost time to quit. It has to be! Lord, I'm tired!" She looked over her machine to see the broad, hunched back of Emily. Good 'ole Emily. Bet she's tired. Said she canned twelve quarts of peas when she got home last night. And did the ironing. She's grown old too early. But who wouldn't? Married at thirteen and twice more before she's thirty. No fault of hers . . . just never found a man who'd make her and the two kids a living. Keeps saying she's going back to restaurant work. Ought to. Anything to get out of this hell.

"And Maggie." Her eyes traveled to an anemic-looking little old woman with glasses who worked beside Emily. "She's always worrying about Billy, junior. Says he can't spell. Small wonder. He probably

does the best he can with the ability he inherited. But she's sweet. Spends all her money for expensive perfume. Always smells like a dream. Never could have done my job on the filler if it hadn't been for Maggie. Patience of Job. Good teacher. Damn, she oughta be. Five years on the same job. Pushing a can under the filler, pulling it out. Pushing, pulling, pushing, pulling, pushing . . . Cripes!"

Just then Maggie turned and motioned to her with a broad grin. She followed the direction of Maggie's nod through the large plate glass partition into the next room. "Oh, no! They're putting Kay on the strapper. Floor lady oughta know better than that. Kay can't take it. Too high strung . . . almost neurotic. Can't do anything but put nests in boxes. Cressman found that out years ago when she put her on the filler. Kay went completely balmy . . . hysterics and all. Chain smoker. Bridge fiend. That's all she talks about. Leaves the factory every day to go to a bridge party. Went to University of Miami. Phi Mu. She's pathetic. The other women sorta humor her along. You tell me what she's doing here! Says she loves the work. Maybe so. She's been putting nests in boxes for seven and a half years. Loves the work, my eye! Every now and then Cressman tries to put her doing something else. But no soap."

Suddenly she heard a frightening, familiar sound. Reflex prompted her to leap forward and throw the switch. The three machines on her line stopped.

"Good girl! You got it," Irene, her partner on the machine, said.

Gingerly she reached into the machine and pulled out one small, shiny, topless can, eased the switch until the bad lid fell inside the machine, removed it, and threw the master switch again as the machines resumed their tum, tum, tum, tum.

"Getting good," she thought. "Funny how proud you can get of yourself for fooling that damned machine. This is one batch that won't have a hundred fifty cans ruined because of a bad lid." And visions of the last crack-up her machine had had came into her mind. What one, small, topless can could do to that enormous machine! The lidder would pound again and again into the mass of tin cans which the conveyor belt hurried into the clogged-up machine. Sometimes you didn't

know until the mangled, smashed lumps of tin began erupting on the opposite side that the machine had skipped a lid. Then after you had thrown all the switches and stopped the machinery, there was the long and tedious process of manipulating the machine and its gears in just such a way that all the misshapen cans could be removed. Finally a water hose had to be turned inside the machine to wash away all the milk spilled from the scores of smashed cans.

"Yeah, I'm getting damn good," she said grimly to herself. "Guess I caught that one! Lord help! I must be getting *their* spirit," she thought as she looked around at the other women in the room. Their creased faces, dull eyes, and listless manners always annoyed her. They were never happier than when they'd done as she just had. Pulled a fast one on the machine. "You don't cooperate with the machine, you compete with it," she'd once heard Maggie say.

She felt a sense of relief as she saw the girls on the second shift come in the door.

"Whee, we can go home. Here comes the relief," Maggie said as she brushed past her ear.

She, Maggie, Emily, and Irene walked without speaking down to the time clock. They were too tired to talk and they couldn't have heard themselves anyway. Other girls were passing them on the way downstairs to the dressing rooms when Ann suddenly noticed strange, unfamiliar expressions in their eyes as they motioned happily and excitedly to each other. She couldn't hear what they were saying but she quickened her step to approach and join the large crowd around the time clock. They were all talking at once, laughing loudly and slapping each other on the back. She pushed her way to the front of the crowd to see a notice thumb-tacked over the time clock.

"Notice to all Hourly Employees," it read. "Beginning August 15th, you will receive a nickel an hour raise and two paid holidays each year at Christmas and Thanksgiving."

SATISFIED DESIRE

My fingers tingle with desire
To create something new.
The urge keeps growing stronger
Till it fills my body through.

"Paint a noble portrait;
Write a poem—a melody!
Others do; why not I?"
A small voice cries insistently.

The urge keeps driving, driving me
To create something new.
So I go to find my knitting,
And add a stitch or two.

—*Martha Elton*

GINGKO TREE

Proud golden Oriental
Tall foreigner to our landscape—
Your delicate yellow leaves with scalloped edges
Are tiny fans of a high-born lady
Waving haughtily in the wind.

—*Dorothy Deane Wesley*

I Shall Not Want . . .

GRIZZLED gray hair, dull brown and wrinkled skin, big sad eyes, and strong white teeth. A tall stoop-shouldered body, but a head set straight on a long thin neck, a faded cotton dress and a faint hint of strong soap. All these could be said about Aunt Lena, but all these would not be enough. There was something else. Can eyes be dull with misery and shining with hope? Can a head be nobly held and humbly bowed? What was there in that old Negro woman's heart that gave her hope through years of poverty, of seeing her children and grandchildren ridiculously poor, of being cold and hungry in winter, sweltering and hungry in summer? Old and bowed, yes. Tired and discouraged, yes. But always her far-seeing eyes saw what you and I see—only further. Her ears heard what you and I hear—but more. Deep down Aunt Lena knew what we know, but sometimes forget—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

—*Roslyn Anderson*

A SONNET

His hands were clasped; the tousled head was bowed—
In childish voice he prayed on bended knee,
Making a picture for my heart to see
And keep forever, though the noisy crowd
Of life move onward. I alone, endowed
To hold that mem'ry throughout days to be.
Oft since have I offered up the plea
That I, too, might accomplish vows he vowed.
A simple prayer was his—simple his life
With no pretense; things to him were real.
If only we could once more come to feel
That there are yet true values in our strife!
And see through Youth's clear eyes, so void of care,
The conjured visions of a small child's prayer.

—Anita Jo Holliday

Black Wedding

By
MARGARET McPHERSON

FAT OLD Katy Lou bent creakingly to the bottom shelf of the what-not and picked up an intricately shaped vase. She painstakingly wiped it, mumbling to herself, "This here little old thing! Why does Miz Nan want to keep it? Ain't fit to hold a petunia!" Nevertheless, she continued to dig into the carved surface until the last speck of dust had disappeared.

At this point in the old negro's soliloquy, Mrs. McNeil walked into the living room. With an exasperated smile she said, "Katy Lou, I've told you a hundred times that you didn't have to take all that trouble with those things. Why don't you go wash the venetian blinds? They can be seen a lot better than those vases."

"Why, Miz Nan, I washed those blinds while you were in town. I don't want no white folks to tell you that you need to get a new maid. Besides, I likes to have everything clean. I don't 'low to be like these new-fangled girls that sweeps everything under the rug so they can get off at twelve o'clock. Miss Annie's maid—the one that just started working for her last week—picks up the rug and sweeps all the dirt through a little hole in the floor. Lord, wouldn't Miss Annie have a fit if she knew that?" Katy Lou suddenly ceased chattering. A look of anxiety flitted across her face.

Mrs. McNeil noticed and asked in a sympathetic voice, "What's the matter, Katy Lou?"

"Well, Miz Nan, you know my girl, Gracious. She ain't never been really bad. She went to church every Sunday and she always gave me some of her money whenever she had a job. I just don't know what happened to her when she had Tommy and Annie Mae. That man! He was mean. He just wouldn't let her alone, but he wouldn't

followed by her diminutive, skull-capped father. Her blue organdy dress did not quite reach the floor. From underneath it peeped a pair of toeless and heelless black patent leather shoes. Her hair was pasted down to her head in a sea of waves. From the ribboned bodice of her dress, her bare black, shining shoulders rose triumphantly. In her arms she carried a sheath of home-grown zinnias intermixed with pieces of green hedge. A pink organdy veil was pinned to her hair with a large red zinnia at each ear.

The preacher and the bridegroom waited in their places. The bridegroom had hidden his one-eyed deformity for the occasion by wearing green, opaque glasses.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," droned the preacher.

Katy Lou wept louder. Women sniffled. Children broke away from the crowd and headed for the kitchen door.

Katy Lou's tears stopped abruptly as she remembered her duties as hostess. "Miz Nan, ain't you going to eat any of that wedding cake? I made it yesterday and it sho' ought to be good. I put ten eggs in it. Right straight from my own chicken yard." Mrs. McNeil shuddered involuntarily. She had seen the stringy, featherless chickens roosting in the tree precariously near the outdoor toilet.

"Don't you think the wedding was pretty, Miz Nan? Gracious sho' did work hard to get everything the way it should be."

SKY

A blue bowl of sky turns over
Spilling whipped cream clouds
While little black birds
Pepper from above
And the housekeeper wind
Sweeps all away.

—Betty Jenkins

The Mob

TWO ROPES were stretched about three or four feet apart from the bottom steps of the courthouse to the street and from there to the lamp-posts at either end of the block, cutting the town square into two separate parts. Hanging from the rope on the right side was a sign which read "WHITE" and on the left side a similar sign read "COLORED". People were standing in groups of five or six. On one side of the courthouse steps was a cluster of policemen and state troopers; under a lamp-post, a handful of farmers. On another corner stood the town's political elite. Shop girls hurried by, glanced at the preoccupied men around them, whispered something, and passed on. Few Negroes were in sight. As if by some prearranged signal, the groups began to move together. They slowly became one body and one mind. There was no hesitancy as cops and farmers and bankers and politicians moved closer to each other; no cringing on the part of clean white-collar workers when they felt and smelled the sweat-permeated bodies of the white men around them; no nose twitched with repulsion as the noonday sun beat down on the mob and drew from it that human odor made of heat and salt and grease and sweat. These were white men.

—Betty Jenkins

TIME IS SO SHORT

Time is so short, yet moments so long
When filled with sadness. Oh, how wrong
To waste our time in petty grievance.
On this beauty-filled earth, nature inspires;
Yet lost in our own selfish desires,
We plod along in hate, lust, and greed
Prejudiced against race, religion, and creed;
Who'll make the break, not you, nor I;
We bask in false gleam of society's eye,
We piously pray while living a lie,
We piously pray, and selfishly die.

—*Mary Alice Palmer*

Trouble in Toy Hall

By
DORIS WIANT

WANT TO know a secret? Well, if you promise not to tell anyone—not even the fairy who lives in the teapot—then I'll tell you.

Billy, our Brownie friend, owns a pair of red shoes. Oh no! They are every special red shoes and even though they are three inches long, anyone can wear them. It's done by magic, you see. Bright red magic, I call it. Whenever Billy Brownie wants to be something extra-special, he just puts his finger beside his left ear, shuts his eyes real tight, and wishes hard. Then, in a twinkling, his red shoes are right there. The very moment his toes touch the shoes, they pop right on his feet. That isn't all either. When he has them on, he can grow as big as BIG or as little as little . They were a great help to him in his adventure in the Big House. He told me about it.

The Greys, who live in the Big House down the road, had gone to the city for a few days. So Billy, who is very kind-hearted and friendly, decided he would drop in to see if the chickens and the cow were all right. The chickens were all asleep, so Billy went to see Bess the Cow.

Bess smiled at her friend and told him that she was well cared for. Then her soft brown eyes looked worried. "I'm all right, Billy, but I don't think everything in the Big House is. I've heard some strange noises this last hour, and they seem to come from that corner room upstairs. Listen! There it goes again!"

Billy listened. Sure enough, it was a strange noise for that time of night. It sounded like a drum! "Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!" The sound became louder, then softer.

Billy looked at Bess. "Guess I'll have a look," he grinned. "I love parades. But why is there a parade in the Big House at this time?"

Just then there was a shriek and Billy and Bess could hear a little girl crying.

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"I'd better hurry," Billy muttered.

Because he knew he couldn't get upstairs from the outside without help, he quickly pressed his finger beside his left ear and wished hard. Click! The red shoes struck the ground. Billy touched them and they popped on his feet. Then he twisted the pointed toe on the right shoe and he grew BIGGER, and BIGGER, and BIGGER until he could reach the roof of the Big House. Then he twisted the pointed toe on his left shoe until he was small enough to stand on the window sill. He looked into the children's playroom . . . and what a strange sight met Billy's eyes!

The little French doll was standing in the center of the room. Her hands were tied and she was blind-folded. She was sobbing too, and seemed very frightened. The toy drummer was leading six soldiers who marched in a wide circle around the doll, whose tears were washing all the paint off her cheeks.

Jack-in-the-Box was leaning way out of his box, nodding his head, and watching all that happened very firmly. Teddy Bear and Toy Dog were standing on each side of him, while all the rest of the toys were lined up behind them. No one took his eyes off the center of the room, so no one saw Billy crouched in the shadow on the window sill.

"What can this be?" Billy wondered. "What could that poor French Doll have done to deserve this?"

Just then Jack-in-the-Box rapped a cane on the floor. The Drummer stopped his "Rat-a-tat-tatting." The soldiers snapped to attention in front of the solemn trio, Jack-in-the-Box, Teddy Bear, and Toy Dog. The sobbing of the little French Doll sounded very loud in the sudden quiet.

"Bring the prisoner to me!" Jack-in-the-Box ordered. Two soldiers grabbed the French Doll's arms and brought her in front of the "judge".

The French Doll shrieked. "They're hurting me! They're hurting me!" she wailed.

"Don't hold her so tight then," Jack told the soldiers.

Billy knew they obeyed because the doll stopped screaming.

"As you know," Jack began sternly, "you have committed a very grave crime and . . ."

"I have not! It isn't so!" French Doll interrupted.

"Do not speak until you are spoken to!" Jack snapped. "Haven't you any manners? The idea of interrupting a person—especially when you are talking to a Judge in Court! Another outburst and we will be forced to add another charge against you! Is that clear?"

The miserable doll only nodded her head and continued to sob.

Jack began again. "As I was saying, you have committed a very grave crime and everyone knows it. Yet you have the nerve to deny it in front of all your friends. Even though we know you are guilty, we will be fair enough to have a trial. Call the first witness!"

The Drummer began to pound his drum. "Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!"

The Toy Engine snorted and tooted haughtily. "Toot-toot-toot! Toot! Toot! You don't have to call ME, Drummer Boy! I'm already here!" It chugged right up in front of Jack-in-the-Box, Teddy Bear, and Toy Dog.

"Engine," said Jack, "tell us exactly what happened."

"Toot-toot! I'll be very happy to, Your Honor. I was chugging up and down on my track in front of the window by the cabinet where our dear Master and Mistress had left me. I was minding my own business as I always do . . ."

Spotted Horse snorted. "You never mind your own business! You're always tooting your whistle where you've no business at all!"

Rap! Rap! Rap! Jack restored order and then he turned to Engine. "Go on with your story, Engine, and this time leave out everything that does not refer to the case of French Doll."

"Very well," grumbled Engine. "I was charging along, just about to run down—I didn't even think I would make it to the next turn—when I looked at the cabinet. And there was French Doll leaning over in the top drawer where the ribbons are always kept! I know it was French Doll because I saw her fur coat with my own eyes!"

"He did not!" sobbed French Doll. "I wasn't there at all! I couldn't climb that high cabinet if I wanted to!"

Billy looked at the cabinet. It was pretty high. He remembered that Teddy Bear had climbed it once, but he had borrowed Fire Engine's ladder to do it. And Teddy Bear was taller than French Doll.

"Are you saying you didn't want to climb it?" sneered Engine. "Everyone knows you love ribbons!"

"Engine's right," the toys agreed. "It must have been French Doll."

Jack rapped for order. "Call the next witness," he ordered.

"Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!" went the drum.

"Ding dong! Ding dong! I'm on my way!" and the toy Fire Engine sped up.

"Fire Engine," began Jack, "where were you at the time of the crime?"

"Your Honor, I was at the fire station where all good fire engines belong when they aren't being used."

"Tell us your story," said Jack.

"Well, I was asleep—only I had one eye open for any fires that might flare up—when this fluttering noise awakened me. It sounded like wind blowing the curtains. I opened both eyes real quick and I happened to see the fur on French Doll's coat disappear into the drawer where the ribbons are—or were, I should say."

"French Doll! Are you ready to confess you took the ribbons?" Jack demanded.

"No, no, never!" she sobbed. "I didn't take them. I didn't!"

"Let's make her confess!" shouted the Little Stove.

The French Doll looked as though she would faint.

"It's the only way. We should make her confess," chorused the Colored Chalk. All the toys began to talk at once.

Billy had heard enough. He had no idea what the toys would do to French Doll, and he felt sorry for her. He had been thinking very hard and suddenly he remembered something he had seen that very day. He stood up on the window sill in the moonlight.

"Stop!" he shouted. "I demand that you stop this trial at once."

Everyone was so surprised that all the clamor stopped at once. Even French Doll stopped crying. They looked at Billy. Everyone knew the friendly little Brownie and liked him.

"What's going on here anyway? Take the blindfold off French

Doll and bring her here." He looked at her kindly and asked, "What's the trouble?"

"There are three ribbons missing from that top drawer and they think I took them. But I didn't! She started to cry again.

"Where were you when they thought they saw you?"

"I was over there behind that chair taking care of Baby Sue. She has a pain in her sawdust."

Billy looked at the gathered toys. Baby Sue was not among them. So Teddy Bear and Spotted Horse went to look behind the chair for Baby Sue. In a moment they returned with Baby Sue riding on Spotted Horse's broad back.

"Where have you been, Baby Sue? Why weren't you here in the excitement?" Billy asked.

"I wasn't feeling well, Billy, and French Doll stayed with me all day until we heard everybody talking loudly. She went out to see what was going on and I felt so awful that I covered up my head so I couldn't hear them so plainly."

"Was French Doll with you this morning?" Billy asked.

"Yes, she was. All this morning and afternoon too."

No one said anything for a full minute. Then Engine and Fire Engine both exclaimed at the same time, "If French Doll was with Baby Sue, then who did we see? French Doll is the only one of us with a fur coat."

"That's right," Billy agreed, "but French Dolls aren't the only ones with fur coats. Now everybody stay here until I get back."

He twisted the toe of his right red shoe until he was just the right size. Then he jumped off the window sill and landed on the roof. He twisted the same pointed toe of the same red shoe until he was a lot taller. Then he stepped off the roof and hurried to the orchard where Mr. and Mrs. Robin had built their new home. He looked at the nest. Yes, there were three bright pieces of ribbon sticking out. "Mrs. Robin," Billy called.

Mrs. Robin looked out of her nest. "Hello, Billy. What brings you here at this time of night?"

"We're having trouble, Mrs. Robin," he began. And he didn't stop until he had told her all about the ribbons and the trial.

"Why, these must be the ribbons you mean!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea they would ever be wanted for anything, they seemed so small . . . but they seemed just what I needed to brighten our home. I noticed them hanging out of the drawer one day when I flew past. I asked Sissy Squirrel about them and she said the Greys had so many ribbons they wouldn't need these ragged ones. So she found a way to get into the room and she brought me the three ribbons. Just let me come back with you to the room, Billy, and I'll see if I can help the poor French Doll. I'm really very sorry I caused all this trouble."

Mrs. Robin and Billy went back to the room in the Big House where Mrs. Robin told the toys what she had told Billy. She wanted to return the ribbons, but the toys assured her it was all right for her to keep them. The ribbons really belonged to the toys, they said, for they were never used except to tie in a doll's hair sometimes at Christmas.

"Then the fur that Engine saw was really Sissy Squirrel's tail instead of the French Doll's coat," said Jack-in-the-Box. "I feel bad about the way we treated French Doll."

"So do I," the others agreed. "What can we do to make it up to her? Let's let Billy decide, since he saved the day."

"Well," Billy said, "since French Doll was so kind to Baby Sue and she likes to take care of sick people, what do you say if we appoint her the Official Nurse of Toy Hall and let her wear all the ribbons she wants to whenever she wants to?"

Everybody shouted, "That's a good idea! Do you like it, French Doll?"

"Oh, yes! I'm so thrilled! You've made me the happiest doll here!"

Billy smiled. "If everybody is satisfied now, I guess I'd better be on my way."

He twisted his shoe and dropped to the roof.

"Good night!" he called.

"Good night, Billy!" the toys shouted. "Come back again soon!"

Curtain Call

CAROLINE BLUTSTEIN, senior English major, is from New York, New York. You read her colmn "Views in the News" in the *Alabamian.* One might say that the world is her subject matter.

RUBY STONE, junior English and music major, is from Lexington. The person is small and dainty—full of surprises. So is her poem "Opportunity."

EVELYN STROCK, junior science major from Winston-Salem, North Carolina, dealt the Jack of Spades to us so humanly that we will watch him closely in future hands—dare him to wiggle.

JOSEPHINE FOSTER, sophomore history major from Windsor, Vermont, is House President of Ramsay this year, and writer of "Campursonalities" in the *Alabamian.* She has succeeded in transforming her impudent grin into words in "Return Engagement".

BETTY JENKINS, junior speech major from Gadsden, is Assistant Editor of the *Alabamian,* also writer of "Faculty Facets". In this issue, she shows further evidence of her versatility in the literary field.

DOROTHY DEANE WESLEY, junior sociology major, is from Anniston. "D. D." has interests that shoot out in all directions at once. The pivot for all of them is people, all kinds of people. "Two Paid Holidays" gives us an insight into her recent summer experience on a Students-in-Industry project in Ohio.

MARTHA ELTON, freshman from Gadsden, is a welcome newcomer. Her vivid description in "The Storm" and the feeling she expresses in "Satisfied Desire" will prove to *Tower* readers that she has been a most observant young lady.

MARGARET McPHERSON, junior English major from Mobile, transferred to Alabama College from the University of Alabama. With a knowing art and an eye for local color, she has written the human, realistic description of a "Black Wedding".

PHYLLIS GIRSHON, psychology major fast approaching Seniorhood, is from Newark, New Jersey. She has captured something familiar to most *Tower* readers in her "Poem in Prose".

ROSLYN ANDERSON, freshman from Greenville, is surprising new talent on the campus. What she has to say through the symbolical Aunt Lena in "I Shall Not Want" is real, full of meaning, and timely.

ANITA JO HOLLIDAY, senior art major, is from Childersburg. Jo has already made a reputation on the campus as cartoonist for the *Alabamian,* and now, in her "Sonnet", lets us in on another facet of her personality. The word to describe her is "vibrant".

MARY ALICE PALMER, senior sociology major from Mobile, transferred here from San Francisco State College. "Lally" is a thinker, and a liberal one. She invites us, in her poem "Time Is So Short", to wake up and analyze.

DORIS WIANT, sophomore English major from Marion, has combined the charm of fantasy with a light mystery plot in "Trouble in Toy Hall". The story especially appeals to that part of us that never quite grows up.

JOYCE CLEMENTS is a junior art major from Birmingham. Her design was selected from among the entries submitted by art majors in the *Tower's* contest for its cover. While Joyce herself is modest and unassuming, she has no reason to be . . . Why, the *Tower* is all wrapped up in her work.

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